

BLACK DIAMOND  
WESTERN

AUTHORIZED  
A. C. M. P.



10¢

# BLACK DIAMOND DIAMOND WESTERN

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FEB.  
NO. 31

LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**3**  
FEATURE-LENGTH  
BLACK DIAMOND  
ILLUSTORIES







# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



*look* **SLIMMER!** .. *look* **YOUNGER!** ..

**THE  
SENSATIONAL  
NEW**

*Whittlewaist*  
by **CHIQUE**

**REDUCES**

**YOUR APPEARANCE**

up to **2 to 4 INCHES**

**4 to 6 Years Younger**

*instantly!*

Never before has any foundation taken so many years off your figure — so comfortably, so surely! You'll feel younger, look better, walk more erectly. You'll thrill to every peek in a mirror—to every admiring, envious glance.

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*Whittlewaist*  
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Fancy Corsette with removable crotch \$1.00 extra.

**WHITTLEWAIST  
CORSELETTE**



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- Send C.O.D. I will pay price, plus postage and C.O.D. fees.
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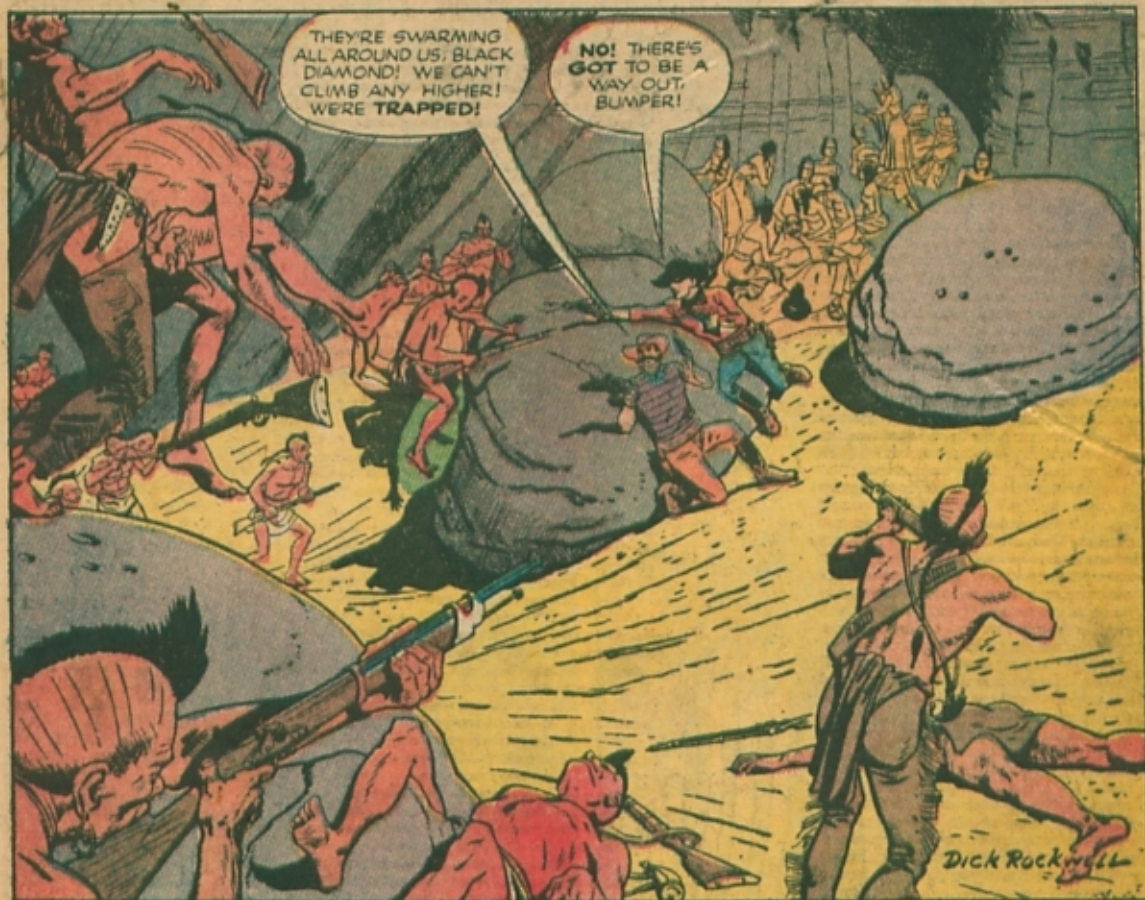
Bust Size..... Address.....

Color..... City..... Zone..... State.....



# BLACK DIAMOND

in "THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF THE PURPLE FEATHER"



THEY'RE SWARMING ALL AROUND US, BLACK DIAMOND! WE CAN'T CLIMB ANY HIGHER! WE'RE TRAPPED!

NO! THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT, BUMPER!

Dick Rockwell

IT IS THE SPRING OF 1875: A SULLEN APRIL RAIN SOAKS NATURE AND MAN! BUT ONE CREATURE, WEARING THE FIERCE PAINT OF AN APACHE WARRIOR DOESN'T MIND THE DROPS THAT SPLASH INTO HIS EYES...

THERE'S ONE OF THE DEVILS WE WOUNDED, BOB! WE CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND IF THE APACHES DIDN'T TAKE TIME OUT TO BURY THEIR DEAD!

THAT PROVES NOTHING, BUMPER! YOUNG TIGER'S CUTTHROATS CARE LITTLE FOR HUMAN LIFE! AND STILL LESS FOR LIFE AFTER DEATH...

THEY'VE GOT NO FEELINGS EXCEPT GREED AND BLOOD LUST! WE'LL BURY THIS BRAVE! WHATEVER ELSE HE WAS, HE WAS A HUMAN BEING!

I DON'T SEE WHY—AFTER THE WAY HE AND HIS TRIBE HAVE BEEN PLUNDERING REDSKIN AND PALESKIN ALIKE...  
:COUGH! :COUGH!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



YOUR COUGH SOUNDS BAD, BUMPER! WE'D BETTER FIND SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT!

AND GIVE THOSE POLECATS A HEAD START AFTER WE'VE FINALLY CLOSE IN ON THEM! FORGET IT! ?COUGH! ?COUGH! THIS'S JUST A TOBACCO COUGH!



IT'S A CHEST COUGH! WE'RE TRYING TO CATCH APACHE OUT-LAWS, NOT PNEUMONIA! WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT WITH CHIEF GREY DAWN! HIS PUEBLO VILLAGE IS ONLY A MILE FROM HERE!

HMM...OKAY-- THE RATS WON'T GET VERY FAR IN THIS WEATHER ANYWAY! ?COUGH! ?COUGH! ?COUGH! ?COUGH!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT GREY DAWN'S CLIFF DWELLING COMMUNITY...

MY EYES GLADDEN AT THE SIGHT OF MY FRIEND, THE BLACK DIAMOND!

A THOUSAND THANKS, CHIEF GREY DAWN! MAY WE SPEND THE NIGHT WITH YOU!

ANY FRIEND OF MINE IS ALWAYS WELCOME!

AN HOUR LATER, AFTER BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER HAVE JOINED IN THE EVENING MEAL...



SO YOU PURSUE THE APACHE MURDERER, YOUNG TIGER! IF MY BRAVES WEREN'T LEAVING TOMORROW ON A HUNTING TRIP, I'D JOIN YOU IN THE CHASE!

WHAT CHASE?

WHY, CHIEF LONG ARROW! I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU - I MEAN...



HA! HA! YOU WANT TO SAY YOU'RE SURPRISED TO SEE ME STILL ALIVE! LONG ARROW SURPRISES EVERYONE! I SHALL LIVE TO BE TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

AND WELL YOU DESERVE YOUR LONG LIFE! BUMPER, CHIEF LONG ARROW HAS MORE FEATHERS ON HIS COUPSTICK THAN ANY OTHER INDIAN IN THE WEST!

A COUP-STICK? WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S THE SYMBOL OF INDIAN VALOR! FEATHERS CUT AND PAINTED IN VARIOUS COLORS STAND FOR SPECIFIC DEEDS OF BRAVERY-- A FEATHER FOR EACH DEED!

WAIT! I SHALL SHOW YOU MY COUP-STICK!



HERE ON THIS ONE STICK ARE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME! MOST OF THE FEATHERS WERE COLLECTED WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG!

TELL US WHAT THEY STAND FOR, CHIEF!



IT IS ONLY THE TRUTH TO SAY THAT MY COUPSTICK HAS NO PEER THIS OR ANY TRIBE! AS I LOOK UPON EACH FEATHER MY YOUTH COMES BACK TO ME!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



THIS GREEN AND WHITE FEATHER STANDS FOR MY BATTLE WITH A MONSTER PANTHER WHO KILLED THREE HUNDRED LAMBS! I KILLED HIM WITH MY KNIFE!



THIS GOLDEN FEATHER CELEBRATES THE TIME I ENDED A BLOODY WAR WITH THE PIUTE TRIBE WHEN I SNEAKED INTO THEIR CAMP AND CAPTURED THE CHIEF HIMSELF!



THIS BLUE FEATHER WITH ORANGE STREAKS RECALLS THE TIME I STARTED A PRAIRIE FIRE AND TURNED BACK A STAMPEDING A BUFFALO HERD FROM OUR HUNTING CAMP!



AN HOUR LATER... YOUR ADVENTURES ARE AMAZING, CHIEF LONG ARROW! BUT WHICH WAS YOUR STRANGEST EXPERIENCE?

THIS ONE...THE PURPLE FEATHER-IT HAPPENED MORE THAN NINETY YEARS AGO!



"I AND MY FRIENDS--THEY ARE ALL DEAD NOW--WERE HUNTING FOR WILD SHEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS! SUDDENLY MY COMPANIONS DISAPPEARED! I LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR THEM...THEN I HEARD STRANGE SOUNDS..."

COUGH!  
COUGH!

IT IS THEM! THEY ARE UP THERE IN THE CAVES!



"BUT WHAT A STATE I FOUND THEM IN--CHOKING, GASPING FOR AIR, TOO WEAK TO MOVE! THE AIR WAS FOUL, AS IF THE EVIL SPIKIT HAD BREATHED UPON THEM..."

IF I DO NOT DRAG THEM INTO THE AIR, THEY WILL DIE!



"ONE BY ONE I CARRIED MY COMPANIONS OUT! I NEARLY DIED OF THE SMELL! WITH ONE HAND I CARRIED MY FRIENDS WITH THE OTHER I KEPT THE STENCH OUT OF MY NOSTRILS..."

WH...WHAT IS IT, LONG ARROW? WHAT IS THIS FOUL SMELL THAT MAKES BREATHING IMPOSSIBLE?

I DO NOT KNOW, BUT THE OLD MEN OF THE TRIBE TELL OF MANY SECRETS IN THE MOUNTAINS WHICH NO MAN CAN LEARN EXCEPT ON PAIN OF DEATH!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



I'VE HAD MY ADVENTURES! I'D GLADLY EXCHANGE THE NEXT 100 YEARS TO RELIVE SOME OF THEM!

YOU MAY WELL BE PROUD OF YOUR COUP-STICK, LONG ARROW!

YOU BET! :YAWN: GOSH, I'M SLEEPY!

BLACK DIAMOND, YOU KNOW MANY THINGS! WHAT WAS THAT FOUL SMELL THAT ALMOST TOOK THE LIVES OF MY FRIENDS?

WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS SOME NATURAL GAS BEHIND THE WALLS OF THE CAVE!

ENOUGH STORIES, GREAT GRAND-FATHER! THESE MEN ARE TIRED! HERE ARE YOUR SLEEPING MATS!

NICE OLD GENT, THAT CHIEF LONG ARROW! HE'S HAD ENOUGH ADVENTURES TO FILL THE LIVES OF TWENTY BRAVES!

YES, BUT IT WAS NOT LOVE OF ADVENTURE ALONE THAT PRODUCED SUCH HEROISM! IT WAS LOVE FOR HIS FELLOWMEN!



TAKE THAT PURPLE FEATHER ADVENTURE—NOT EVEN KNOWING WHAT THE GAS WOULD DO TO HIM, LONG ARROW PLUNGED INSIDE THE CAVE! BUMPER! HMM... HE'S ASLEEP! GUESS I'LL TURN IN, TOO!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

GOOD LUCK BE WITH YOU, BLACK DIAMOND! TEACH YOUNG TIGERS CUTTHROATS A LESSON!

WE WILL, LONG ARROW! FAREWELL, GREY DAWN AND GOOD HUNTING!

YOU, TOO, NOBLE PALE-FACE! WE BOTH HUNT BEASTS, THOUGH YOURS WALK ON TWO LEGS!



HOURS LATER, AT THE HEIGHT OF NOON...

HERE'S THEIR TRAIL BUMPER, PLAIN AS DAY! INJUN PONY AND APACHE FOOT-PRINTS HARDENED IN LAST NIGHT'S WET MUD!

IN FACT, WE'RE CLOSER THAN WE THINK! LOOK—THERE'S SMOKE RISING BEYOND THOSE TREES!

SHORTLY AFTER, AS BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER LEAVE THEIR HORSES BEHIND...



HMM...IT'S NOT THE MAIN BUNCH! IT'S A HUNTING PARTY DRESSING GAME! MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK UP ON 'EM, BUMPER!

OKAY, WE' C... :COUGH: :COUGH: :COUGH:



SOMEBODY IS IN THE BUSHES!

C...CURSE MY COLD BOB! THAT COUGH GAVE US AWAY! :COUGH: :COUGH:

YOU COULDN'T HELP IT, BUMPER! WATCH IT—THEY'RE FULL OF FIGHT!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



WELL, SO ARE WE! CAPTURE ONE OF 'EM, BUMPER! A LOOSE-TONGUED PRISONER MIGHT BE A SHORTCUT TOWARD LOCATING YOUNG TIGER'S CAMP!

IT'S THE BLACK DIAMOND! FLEE!

EEEEOO!



SECONDS LATER, AS THE APACHES SCATTER...

I'LL TAKE THIS COYOTE ALIVE!

OFF!



THEY GOT AWAY!

WE'LL FOLLOW 'EM! THIS BIRD WILL TELL US EXACTLY WHERE THEY'RE HEADED FOR! C'MON, START TALKING!

YES! YES! THAT WAY! BIG CAMP! I SHOW YOU WAY!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

IF YOU ASK ME, THIS APACHE'S BEEN TAKING US AROUND IN A CIRCLE! HEY, LOOK! THE RAT IS MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!

HE WON'T GET FAR! C'MON!



HE'S HIDING HERE SOME PLACE! WE'LL FLUSH HIM OUT WITH A FEW SHOTS! HEY! WE'RE ON QUICKSAND! GET BACK, BUMPER!

I'M STUCK, DIAMOND! THE CUNNING RASCAL DELIBERATELY LED US INTO THIS!



QUICK, BUMPER! LASSO ONE OF THOSE TREE STUMPS! IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN KEEP EL LOBO AND RELIAPON FROM GOING DOWN!

RIGHT!



THE APACHE! HE'S COMING BACK TO CUT THE ROPES!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



IEEEE!

I GOT HIM! BUT OUR HORSES ARE FAR FROM SAFE! WHEN WE REACH FIRM GROUND, BUMPER, KEEP TUGGING THE ROPES WHILE I MAKE A SPANISH WINDLASS!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

AS PRECIOUS MINUTES FLY, BUMPER STRAINS HIS MUSCLES TO KEEP THE HORSES FROM SINKING! BLACK DIAMOND'S FINGERS FLY EVEN FASTER...

I'LL BE READY IN A SECOND! I JUST GOT TO TWIST THIS CROSS STICK AROUND THE MAIN STAKE!



HERE WE GO! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, BUMPER!

IT'S WORKING, BOB! RELIAPON'S COMING OUT OF THE BOG!



WE DID IT! THOSE HORSES WOULD BE AT THE BOTTOM IF NOT FOR YOUR WINDLAGG, DIAMOND!

WE ARE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, BUMPER! THE APACHES WHO GOT AWAY WILL TIP OFF THE MAIN PACK! LET'S GET MOVING!

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, JUST BEFORE DUSK, DIAMOND AND BUMPER APPROACH TWO SENTRIES AT THE APACHE CAMP...

MAAMPH!

KEEP HIM QUIET! I'LL GET THE OTHER ONE!



LET'S HOPE THE REST OF THE APACHE BAND IS NO TOUGHER THAN THEY WERE!

LET'S NOT GET COCKY, BUMPER! WE CAN'T FIGHT FIFTY MEN! OUR JOB IS TO TRACK THESE DEVILS DOWN AND THEN SPRING A TRAP ON THEM WITH SOME OUTSIDE HELP!



MOMENTS LATER...

DIAMOND, LOOK!

GREAT GUNS! THE APACHES HAVE CAPTURED A DOZEN PUEBLOS!



IT'S CHIEF LONG ARROW AND SOME SQUAWS FROM GREY DAWN'S PUEBLO VILLAGE! THE MAIN PACK OF APACHES MUST'VE SWOOPED DOWN ON THEM AFTER WE LEFT THIS MORNING!

BUT IF YOUNG TIGER INTENDS TO HOLD THEM AS HOSTAGES, WHY ARE THEY DIGGING TORTURE PITS?



FOR TWO REASONS! HOSTAGES WOULD ONLY SLOW UP THEIR MOVEMENTS! SECOND, YOUNG TIGER PROBABLY FIGURES ON COLLECTING A RANSOM FROM GREY DAWN FOR DEAD HOSTAGES! LOOK OVER THERE, BUMPER! WHAT DO YOU SEE?

INJUN PONIES! WHY?





**BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN**

YOU TURN 'EM LOOSE, BUMPER! ALL EXCEPT THE ONES WE'LL NEED FOR OUR PUEBLO FRIENDS! I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED! NO APACHE WILL REACH THE PONIES TILL YOU'RE FINISHED!

OKAY, DIAMOND!

MOMENTS LATER, BUMPER AND EL LOBO STREAK FOR THE PONIES.

LOOK! A PALEFACE! HE RIDES TOWARD OUR PONIES! STOP HIM!

BY THE GREAT SPIRIT, IT IS THE FRIEND OF THE BLACK DIAMOND! HE MUST BE HERE TO RESCUE US!

KILL HIM!

KEEP GOING, BUMPER! I'LL GET THESE SENTRIES!

OUR HORSES ARE STAMPEDING! HURRY! WE MUST SAVE THEM OR WE ARE LOST!

THEY'RE ALL SCATTERING, DIAMOND!

IN THEIR FRANTIC EFFORT TO RECOVER STAMPED HORSES, THE APACHES FORGOT THEIR HOSTAGES...

QUICK, LONG ARROW, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS MOUNT THESE PONIES!

YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES, BLACK DIAMOND!

BUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

THEY DESCENDED UPON US LIKE WOLVES SHORTLY AFTER YOU LEFT! THEY MASSACRED HALF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE PUEBLO AND TOOK US AS HOSTAGES!

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FASTER, DIAMOND! THEY'RE GAINING ON US!

THERE'S A BIG HILL AHEAD OF US! THE WOMEN AND OLD MAN CAN'T RIDE FAST! THE APACHES WILL DRAW UP ALONGSIDE AND BUTCHER THEM! I'VE GOTTA FIGURE SOMETHING OUT!

EVERYBODY DISMOUNT! WE'LL CLIMB UP AMONG THOSE BOULDERS! MAYBE WE CAN HOLD OUT AGAINST THE APACHES TILL HELP SHOWS UP!

RIDE, RELIAPON! TAKE THESE PONIES WITH YOU AND FIND CHIEF GREY DAWN! BRING HELP!

HURRY, DIAMOND! THE RATS ARE GETTING CLOSER!

CLIMB AFTER THEM! SURROUND THEM ON ALL SIDES! THEY CANNOT GET AWAY NOW!

EIII!

BUMPER! GIVE ME A HAND WITH LONG ARROW! HE'S WOUNDED!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MINUTES LATER...

IT'S NO GO, BOB! THEY'RE SWARMING ALL OVER! THEY'LL PICK US OFF ONE - WE'RE GONERS!

NO! I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING! IT'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA! THE PURPLE FEATHER!

BUT HOW CAN THE PURPLE FEATHER HELP US?

REMEMBER THAT STORY LONG ARROW TOLD US ABOUT THE CAVES WITH THE NOXIOUS GASES! THESE ARE IT! EVERYBODY, FOLLOW ME! HURRY!

IT'S NATURAL GAS, ALL RIGHT! COUGH! BUT WHAT GOOD CAN IT DO US, DIAMOND? DYING OF AN APACHE BULLET OR ASPHYXIATION, IT'S ALL THE SAME!

WE WON'T DIE, BUMPER! THAT'S WHY I'M MAKING AN IMPROVISED TORCH OUT OF THESE RAGS AND THIS RIFLE BARREL! LET THE APACHES FOLLOW US! THEY'LL GET A HOT RECEPTION!

AS THE APACHES SWARM INTO THE CAVE, A TORCH GREETS THEM...

EVERYBODY HOLD YOUR BREATH! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE GAS IS DRAWN TO THE BURNING TORCH! IT'S THEIR FINISH!

BOOOOMMMM!

EEL!!!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT WHERE DO WE GO TO, BOB?

THIS PARTICULAR CAVE LEADS OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL! IF WE HURRY, WE CAN CATCH THE SURVIVORS AS THEY COME SCREAMING OUT OF THEIR END!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, GREY DAWN ARRIVES...

YOU'RE SAFE, BLACK DIAMOND! WHEN I SAW RELIAPON GALLOP INTO MY CAMP WITH AN EMPTY SADDLE, I THOUGHT THE WORST HAD HAPPENED!

IT ALMOST DID, CHIEF GREY DAWN! BUT YOUR GREAT GRAND-FATHER'S COUPSTICK SAVED US - OR RATHER... ONE FEATHER ON IT!

THE NEXT MORNING...

BEFORE YOU GO, BLACK DIAMOND, MY GRANDFATHER HAS A GIFT FOR YOU!

THIS PURPLE FEATHER - KEEP IT IN REMEMBRANCE OF YOUR VALOR, BLACK DIAMOND, FOR I DO NOT NEED FEATHER TO REMEMBER IT BY! YOUR DEED LIVES IN MY HEART!

IT WILL BE RE-MEMBERED FOREVER, FOR A SPIRIT LIKE YOURS, LONG ARROW, CAN NEVER DIE!

THE END



For  
Externally  
Caused

# PIMPLES

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**505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.**

THE TRI-SON-OL COMPANY, Dept. 311  
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# SURE AS SHOOTIN'



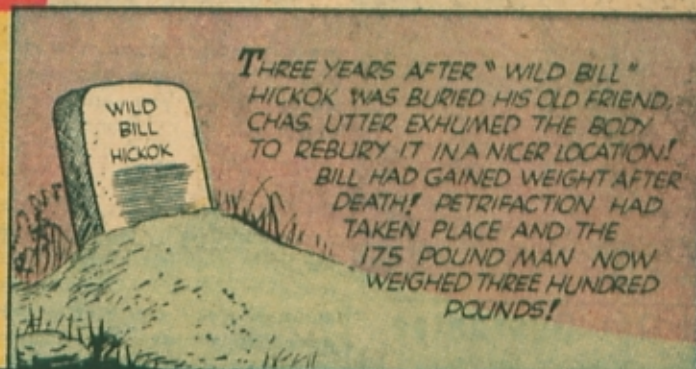
**KIT CARSON**



**"DENVER" MILLER**

**MURDERED HIMSELF!**  
WHILE IN PURSUIT OF A CATTLE RUSTLER "DENVER" FIRED A SHOT WHICH RICOCHETED FROM A BOULDER AND PIERCED HIS OWN HEART!

**MARRIED AN INDIAN GIRL!**  
THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED ONLY TEN MONTHS WHEN KIT WENT TO FORT HALL (100 MILES AWAY) AND WAS TAKEN SICK! WHEN NEWS OF IT REACHED HIS WIFE, SHE RODE THE DISTANCE ON HORSEBACK WITHOUT STOPPING! THE TRIP WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER AND SHE DIED OF FEVER A FEW DAYS AFTER ARRIVAL!



**THREE YEARS AFTER "WILD BILL" HICKOK WAS BURIED HIS OLD FRIEND, CHAS. UTTER EXHUMED THE BODY TO REBURY IT IN A NICER LOCATION!**  
BILL HAD GAINED WEIGHT AFTER DEATH! PETRIFICATION HAD TAKEN PLACE AND THE 175 POUND MAN NOW WEIGHED THREE HUNDRED POUNDS!



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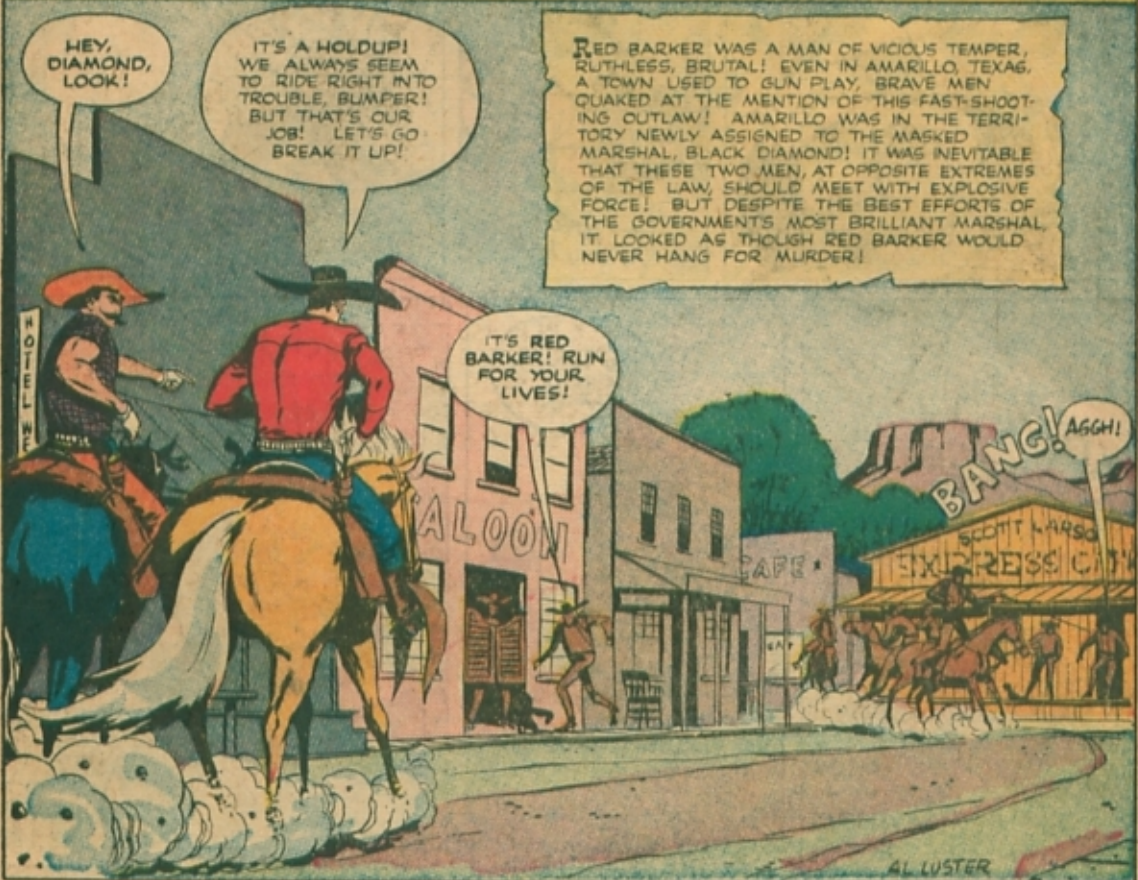
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# BLACK DIAMOND

meets "RED" BARKER, THE MAN WHO WAS GIVEN ENOUGH ROPE-AND USED IT"



RED BARKER WAS A MAN OF VICIOUS TEMPER, RUTHLESS, BRUTAL! EVEN IN AMARILLO, TEXAS, A TOWN USED TO GUN PLAY, BRAVE MEN QUAKED AT THE MENTION OF THIS FAST-SHOOTING OUTLAW! AMARILLO WAS IN THE TERRITORY NEWLY ASSIGNED TO THE MASKED MARSHAL, BLACK DIAMOND! IT WAS NEVITABLE THAT THESE TWO MEN, AT OPPOSITE EXTREMES OF THE LAW, SHOULD MEET WITH EXPLOSIVE FORCE! BUT DESPITE THE BEST EFFORTS OF THE GOVERNMENT'S MOST BRILLIANT MARSHAL IT LOOKED AS THOUGH RED BARKER WOULD NEVER HANG FOR MURDER!

HEY, DIAMOND, LOOK!

IT'S A HOLDUP! WE ALWAYS SEEM TO RIDE RIGHT INTO TROUBLE, BUMPER! BUT THAT'S OUR JOB! LET'S GO BREAK IT UP!

IT'S RED BARKER! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

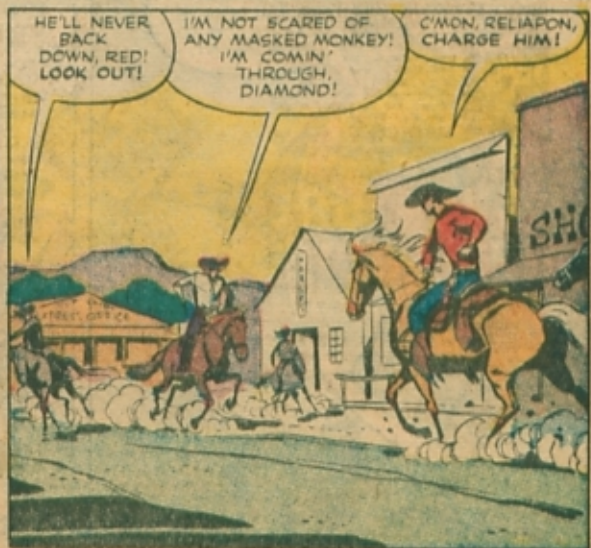
BANG! AGGH!

AL LUSTER



RED! LOOK-IT'S BLACK DIAMOND!

WHAT IF IT IS? HE'LL CLEAR OUT OF OUR WAY, OR I'LL BLAST HIM OUT LIKE ANYONE ELSE! LET'S GO!



HE'LL NEVER BACK DOWN, RED! LOOK OUT!

I'M NOT SCARED OF ANY MASKED MONKEY! I'M COMIN' THROUGH, DIAMOND!

C'MON, RELIAPON, CHARGE HIM!



FRIGHTENED BY THE CHARGING PALOMINO, BARKER'S HORSE SKIDS IN THE DUST...





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



YAH! BARKER FINALLY MET UP WITH SOMEONE TOUGHER'N HIMSELF!

THERE'S THE SHERIFF NOW, BUMPER—DON'T LET BARKER LOOSE!

HEY! WHAT'S GON' ON HERE?

HEY, SHERIFF, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BLACK DIAMOND!



YOU MUST BE SHERIFF TOM KELTON! WE SEEM TO HAVE CAUGHT A CANDIDATE FOR THE GALLOWS... IF THE MAN HE SHOT BACK THERE IS DEAD! HIS GANG GOT AWAY!

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT, BUT BARKER'S HAD A ROPE WAITING FOR A LONG TIME! WE NEVER KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING TO STRIKE NEXT! I HAD A HUNCH HE'D COME TODAY, BUT WE WERE WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! THAT'S WHY WE TOOK SO LONG GETTING HERE!



I'LL PUT HIM BEHIND BARS! WE'LL PUT HIM ON TRIAL FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING! WILL YOU BE THERE AS WITNESSES?

SURE THING, SHERIFF!



WITH THE OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE AGAINST BARKER, HIS TRIAL TOOK LESS THAN A HALF HOUR...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!

YOU, DIAMOND, YOU DID THIS TO ME! I'LL GET YOU YET!



NO, YOU WON'T, BARKER! I'D LIKE JUST ONE CHANCE TO TAKE A SOCK AT YOU!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU BIG OX! I'LL GET YOU, TOO! I'M NOT DEAD YET!

LOCK HIM UP!

RED BARKER'S ENRAGED OUTCRY WASN'T JUST THE RAVING OF A DOOMED MAN—HE KNEW HIS GANG, HE KNEW THEY'D DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HIM! BARKER WAS SENTENCED TO DIE THREE DAYS AFTER HIS CONVICTION, JUST THE LENGTH OF TIME IT WOULD TAKE THE STATE MEDICAL OFFICER, DR. SAMUEL WYCKLAND TO ARRIVE BY COACH FROM AUSTIN, AND OFFICIALLY PRONOUNCE BARKER DEAD! BUT THERE WERE OTHERS WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR—TEN MILES OUT OF AMARILLO... BARKER'S MEN, STEVE BANNON, ED JACKSON, DAN KEUGH, AND PETE WARREN...



THE STAGE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! BETTER GET READY!

YEAH—WE DON'T WANNA MISS THE DOC!



BRING THE GLASSES, DAN—WE GOT TO MAKE SURE BEFORE WE BLOCK THE ROAD!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



THAT'S THE STAGE, ALL RIGHT, STEVE, AN' COMIN' FAST! WE HAVEN'T TOO MUCH TIME!

LET'S GO GET THE LOGS!



THEY'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE! I HOPE THIS WHOLE SCHEME WORKS, STEVE!

YOU MEAN ABOUT ME TAKIN' THE DOC'S PLACE? WHY NOT? THEY'VE NEVER SEEN EITHER OF US IN AMARILLO—I'VE ALWAYS WORN A MASK!



SECONDS LATER...

WAIT'LL HE GETS DOWN!

WHOA! WHAT GOSH BLAMED FOOL LEFT THOSE LOGS THERE!



DON'T REACH FOR THAT IRON!

GO TO BLAZES! I'LL...

WHAT IS THIS? OH!

BANG!



OUT OF MY WAY, YOU MURDERER! I'M A DOCTOR! LET ME SEE IF I CAN HELP THE POOR FELLOW!

YOU CAN FORGET HIM, DOC—HE'S DEAD! BUT YOU CAN SAVE YOUR OWN HIDE! GET ON UP THAT HILL!



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, DR. SAM WYCKLAND! YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO SEE THAT RED BARKER GETS A PROPER HANGIN'— ONLY YOU AIN'T GOIN', AN' THERE AIN'T GOIN' TO BE NO HANGIN'!

BETTER TAKE THESE, STEVE, IT'S GOT THE DOC'S PAPERS!



THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YOU TILL WE GET BACK, DOC! AN' WE'LL HAVE YOUR CUSTOMER WITH US!

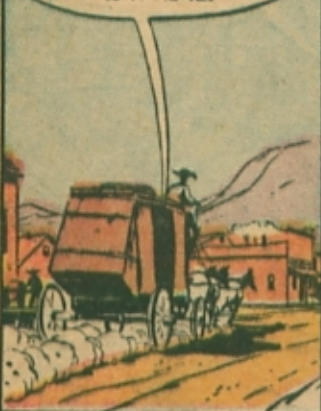
YOU'LL JOIN BARKER ON THE GALLOWS, YOU SCOUNDRELS!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

HALF AN HOUR LATER, BARKER'S MEN REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF AMARILLO...

PULL UP IN SOME SIDE-ROAD, PETE—ED AND DAN WILL HAVE TO WALK FROM HERE!



THERE'S THE BUILDING THAT FACES THE GALLOWS! PLANT YOURSELVES THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

RIGHT! GOOD LUCK, "DOC"!



...DOCTOR WYCKLAND?

YES! GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SHERIFF KELTON! SORRY TO BE A LITTLE LATE—IT'S BEEN A LONG TRIP! WELL, CAN WE GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS?



BRING OUT THE PRISONER!

I'M THE U.S. MARSHAL, DR. WYCKLAND! THIS IS MY SIDEKICK, BUMPER!

WHY, YOU MUST BE THE BLACK DIAMOND! IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU, SIR!



SO YOU'RE THE DOC THAT'S GOIN' TO MAKE SURE I'M DEAD! IT SEEMS TO ME AFTER A MAN'S HAD HIS NECK BROKE, AND STOPS BREATHIN', ANY FOOL OUGHT TO KNOW HE'S DEAD!

DON'T MIND HIM, DOC—BARKER IS TRYIN' TO STAY TOUGH RIGHT UP TO THE END! LET'S GO GET OVER WITH!

H A M M M!



YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE BUMPER AND ME, SHERIFF! OUR JOB IS BRINGING IN CRIMINALS...NOT WATCHING THEM GET HANGED!

OKAY, DIAMOND! SEE YOU LATER!



...AS SHERIFF OF AMARILLO COUNTY, IT IS MY DUTY TO CARRY OUT THE LAWS! THEREFORE, THIS DAY, THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER...

LISTEN, MISTER, AND LISTEN GOOD! THERE'S SIX SLUGS IN THIS GUN, AND YOU'LL GET 'EM ALL UNLESS YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD! MAKE THAT ROPE PLENTY LONG SO BARKER WILL LAND SAFELY ON HIS FEET! TAKE A LOCK UP ON TOP OF THE BUILDINGS! THOSE RIFLES ARE POINTED AT YOUR HEAD! WE MEAN BUSINESS!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



IT'S TIME, BARKER! YOU HAVE A CHOICE OF WEARIN' OR NOT WEARIN' THIS HOOD!

I DON'T NEED NO HOOD, KELTON! HANG ME AND GO TO BLAZES!

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG AND BARKER FALLS THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR! BARKER'S MEN ON THE ROOF ARE ALERT...



THAT'S THE END OF BARKER!

KEEP EVERYBODY OUT OF THE GALLOWES! AS STATE MEDICAL OFFICER, I HAVE THE RIGHT TO VIEW THE BODY FIRST!



QUICK, STEVE, CUT MY HANDS LOOSE! GIVE ME GUNS! I GOT SOME SHOOTIN' TO DO!

IT WAS EASY SCARIN' THAT HANGMAN, RED, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT FROM HERE! THE SHERIFF'S MEN ARE COMIN' FOR THE BODY!



CLEAR THE WAY! WE'RE COMIN' OUT, AND WE'RE COMIN' SHOOTIN'!

AGGHH...

BANG!



MEANWHILE, IN THE AMARILLO HOTEL LOBBY...

HMMM...

BUMPER, ALL YOU'VE SAID FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES IS, 'HAMM'... WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS?



I BEEN THINKIN'-THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT DOC! I COULD SWEAR I SAW HIM WINK AT RED BARKER WHEY THEY BROUGHT HIM OUT! OH, OH...

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO TELL ME THAT! COME ON!



THEY CAN PUSH THEIR PONIES JUST SO FAR, BUMPER, THEN THEY'LL HAVE TO STOP AND FIGHT! SOONER OR LATER WE'LL GET 'EM!

LET'S HOPE IT WORKS OUT THAT WAY!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BARKER AND HIS GANG WERE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF THE POSSE TO LOSE THEM TEMPERARILY BUT THEY KNEW THEY'D HAVE TO MAKE A FIGHT FOR IT! STEVE SUGGESTED THEY COULD USE THE REAL WYCKLAND AS A HOSTAGE TO COVER THEIR ESCAPE...



THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, STEVE! THESE TIRED NAGS WON'T GET US FAR! IF THE SHERIFF WON'T BARGAIN WITH US, WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT!

HE'S GONE! THE DOC LIT OUT...CHAIR AN' ALL! HE WAS TIED TO THE CHAIR HAND AN' FOOT!

WHAT? WELL, HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR LIKE THAT! SPREAD OUT AN' SEARCH FOR HIM!



THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT! I HEAR HORSES! THE POSSES COMIN'!

LISTEN YOU MEN IN THERE—THIS IS THE SHERIFF TALKING! DON'T DIE FOR RED BARKER! COME OUT AND YOU ALL GET A FAIR TRIAL!

AND ALL HANG TOGETHER? WE'LL STAY RIGHT HERE AND FIGHT! THERE'S YOUR ANSWER!

WE GOT ONE THING ON OUR SIDE—IT'S GETTIN' LATE—IT'LL BE DARK IN ANOTHER HOUR! IF WE LAST THAT LONG!



CRACK!  
BANG!

THE BARKER GANG LASTED ALL RIGHT—FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF...THEN...

WHAT IS IT, BUMPER? I HEARD RUSTLING IN THE BUSHES BACK OF US, DIAMOND! MAYBE IT'S ONE OF BARKER'S GANG!



BANG!  
BANG!

HEY, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, DR. WYCKLAND! I HAD NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER! THOSE SCOUNDRELS STOPPED MY COACH, SHOT MY DRIVER, AND TIED ME UP IN THEIR CABIN! AFTER THEY LEFT I FOUND I WAS ABLE TO HOP OUT! I WENT AS FAR AS I COULD! WHEN I HEARD THE SHOOTING, I KNEW THE LAW HAD COME! SAY YOU'RE THE BLACK DIAMOND, AREN'T YOU?



I CAN'T THINK OF HAPPIER OCCASIONS ON WHICH TO MEET YOU, BLACK DIAMOND—BUT RIGHT NOW I WANT JUST ONE THING—TO TAKE A SHOT AT THOSE CRITTERS!

HERE YOU ARE, DOC—TAKE YOUR SHOT—YOU CAN USE MY SIXER!



MY HANDS SO SHAKY I'M NOT SURE I CAN HIT THE CABIN—LET ALONE A MAN!

WELL, PULL THE TRIGGER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS, DOC!



DR. WYCKLAND FIRED—HIS BULLET SHRIEKED THROUGH A WINDOW OF THE CABIN, AND...





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THE EXPLODING LANTERN SENDS BURNING OIL OVER THE CABIN...

WE CAN'T STICK IT OUT HERE! THAT AMMUNITION WILL BLOW THE ROOF OFF THE PLACE ANY MINUTE!

WE'D ROAST BACK! TRYIN' TO GET ACROSS TO THE BACK! YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT OR SURRENDER AND HANG!

I'M GOING OUT THE BACK! TOUGH LUCK, BOYS... YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT OR SURRENDER AND HANG!

SO THAT'S HOW YOU PAY US BACK FOR SAVIN' YOUR NECK, BARKER! YOU KNOW WE GOT TO GO OUT SHOOTING OR GET STRUNG UP! WE KEEP 'EM BUSY WHILE YOU MAKE YOUR GETAWAY THROUGH THE BACK WAY! I'D KILL YOU IF I COULD SEE YOU, YOU SKUNK!

SEE WHAT YOUR SHOT DID, DOC! HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE GETTIN' MOWED DOWN LIKE HAY!

BUMPER! RED BARKER ISN'T WITH THOSE MEN! HE MUST'VE MADE A BREAK FOR IT OUT THE BACK WAY! I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM!

WITH BLACK DIAMOND IN HOT PURSUIT OF BARKER, BUMPER FOLLOWS AS THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF BARKER'S MOB ARE BLOWN TO BITS...

LET'S GO, EL LOBO! THE SHERIFFS FOLLOWING! DIAMOND WILL CATCH UP IN NO TIME!

STOP, BARKER!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU MASKED DEVIL!

BANG BANG

HEY... WHAT IN...?

EASY, RELIAPON! WE'VE GOT HIM! OHHH...

AIEEE!

TWANGGG!!

I DIDN'T MEAN FOR IT TO HAPPEN LIKE THIS, SHERIFF!

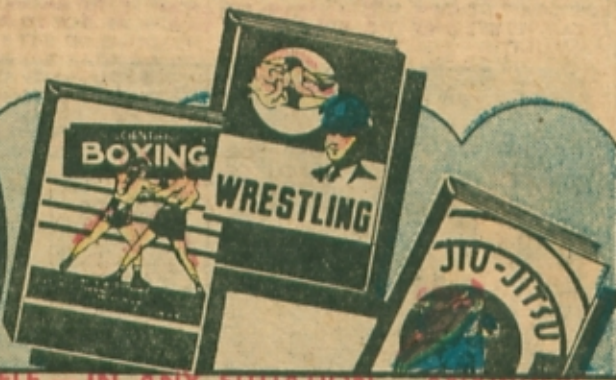
IT'S JUST AS WELL, DIAMOND! IT SAVES US THE JOB! ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, RED BARKER HAD TO HANG!

IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY - GIVE A MAN ENOUGH ROPE, AND HE'LL HANG HIMSELF!

THE END



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# The Trapper Who Was Trapped



With the first breath of spring in the air Guy's restlessness and eagerness to get to the yearly Beaver Trappers' and Agents' rendez-vous were apparent to Old Beaver. Old Beaver remembered when he had felt the same, when it was time to gather the pelts together and travel the long way to the rendez-vous at Tyson's Hole. Now for the first time in several years that old feeling returned again.

Old Beaver and Guy talked little about the agents and the "doings" at the rendez-vous as they had a silent understanding and seemed to give the matter little thought. So Old Beaver just held his breath and hoped that he and Guy would come through the dealings unscathed.

With Guy it was different, Old Beaver thought. He was young and this was his first year of trapping the headwaters. After months in the wilderness he was quite ready for the sociability of the rendez-vous—more so than in the actual trading with the agents of the fur companies.

Guy, in the meantime, turned his thoughts to Old Beaver as the two rode slowly down the river trail—beaver pelts packed and alert for Indians at every turn.

Old Beaver had acquired his name because he was the best beaver trapper in the area. In fact, no one knew what his real name was. Guy had felt honored to accompany him on his trapping expedition this

past year because he knew he could learn more from Old Beaver than from anyone else in the territory. And Guy had learned. He now knew where to go, what to look for and all the little tricks of the trade that Old Beaver had learned by hard experience—the things that had gained Old Beaver his reputation among the trappers.

Guy felt that he knew Old Beaver better than anyone else did, and Guy respected his knowledge, honored his friendship and understood Old Beaver's weakness. It was mainly because of the latter that Guy had the privilege of accompanying Old Beaver on this season's trapping expedition.

Guy had come west, a greenhorn, only the year before. He knew the agents of the fur companies had a rendez-vous with the trappers every year, so managed to accompany the agents to Tyson's Hole hoping he could join the trappers. Since Guy was a greenhorn and only joined the agents to get west, the agents didn't go overboard to befriend him. They gave him everything he needed, led him to the rendez-vous and turned him loose among the trappers.

But Guy was not as much of a greenhorn as the agents took him to be. His ears were always open, as were his eyes, and he didn't miss much. He noticed that not only did the agents come loaded with cash to pay for the pelts but there was a pretty heavy load of whiskey along. Putting two and two together Guy could figure that out pretty well; there-



fore, as they approached Tyson's Hole he was even more alert than ever.

When Guy made his way among the trappers he became fascinated with their tales of adventure and became more and more determined to become one of their lot. But, they were a tough bunch to crack and it wasn't everyone who could join up with them. Somehow he had to prove that he had the "whatever was necessary" to become one of them. As the trappers worked in from their various outposts Guy finally noticed a pattern in the dealings with the agents.

The agents were only too willing to pay them a good price for their furs and pat them on the back. The agents let it be known that they had brought plenty of what it takes for a special celebration. The trappers in turn would pay the agents for liquor and then the celebrating would start. More transactions would ensue, and the celebrating at the rendez-vous would become more intense. Sooner or later gambling would start—someone always had sufficient equipment for any type of gambling — and then, offer some trappers would return to the hills without furs, without money. The agents would return to the companies with the furs and, in their own pockets, practically the same amount of money they'd come west with.

This whole system was working itself out in Guy's mind the night he met Old Beaver. He'd been hearing about Old Beaver from the lips of every trapper who had wandered into the Tyson Hole rendez-vous. Guy met him and immediately took a liking to him. Old Beaver was not old, he'd only aged from the rugged life he'd led for the past years. He had an honesty in his eyes that appealed to Guy and a love of the wild and remote places to which his trapping led him.

That night, Old Beaver turned his pelts over to the agents. As always, Old Beaver had more, and much superior, beaver pelts than any other trapper. The agents were willing to pay him well. Then the trouble began.

An agent offered Old Beaver a drink which he refused at first. Being pressed by the agent, he accepted and before long he was buying for all the trappers. Then a crap game started. At the same time, Guy, who had been watching this growing operation, could stand it no longer. Had he not been a greenhorn he probably never would have done what he did. Just as Old Beaver was ready to enter the game, Guy rushed up to

him and said, "Old Beaver, I've got to talk to you!"

Old Beaver brushed him aside with, "Ah, let's talk tomorrow, kid."

"No, I must talk to you now," brashly continued Guy.

"All right, spill it fast, kid," muttered the disgruntled Beaver.

"I mean privately," announced Guy.

"Let it wait," said Beaver paying little attention, his eyes on the rolling dice.

"It can't wait," said Guy as he pulled the unwilling Beaver away from the game. Finally they reached the outskirts of the crowd which was gathering around the game and Beaver said, "Okay, what's on your mind? Spill it."

"Nothing really," said the honest Guy, "I just wanted to get you away from that game before you really got cleaned out."

"Well, who are you to tell me what to do? If I want to play, I'll play," replied the incensed Beaver.

Guy, realizing that he'd put his foot in it now, and that Old Beaver was pretty drunk and couldn't be talked out of anything, merely slugged Beaver on the chin. Beaver collapsed quietly and Guy carried him to his camp and settled him down for the night, then stayed close by till morning.

Guy awoke the next morning with apprehension because of his presumptuous action of the night before. Every time Old Beaver stirred, as if awake, Guy wondered if Beaver would come to with great resentment and send him packing right back where he came from.

But the next morning Old Beaver had little recollection of the happenings of the previous night and as he slowly pieced together the fragments that he retained, he knew Guy had saved him (for some unknown reason) from needlessly squandering his hard earned profit.

Little was said after Old Beaver had figured it all out. He merely turned to Guy and said, "Thanks, kid, no one has ever had the guts to help me out like that before. Why don't you join up with me?"

Now a year had passed and once again, Old Beaver approached the rendez-vous, but this year he knew his hard-earned money was safe. Guy approached with a great deal of excitement. As they neared Tyson's Hole, Beaver smiled reminiscently and said to Guy, "Looks like I'll have to look after you this year, kid."

THE END



# WE CAN STOP the ENEMIES OF YOUTH



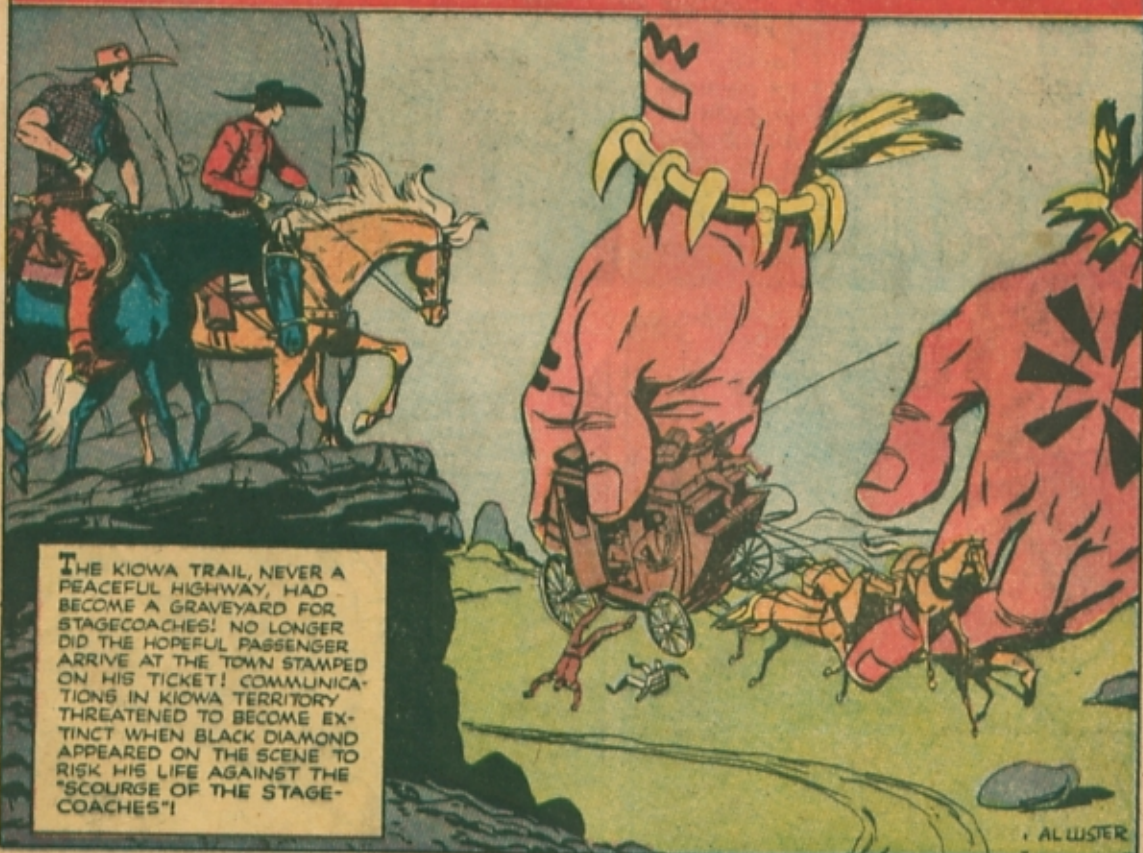
THE DOPE MENACE IS INJURING OUR YOUTH... GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN ARE ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHT TO HAPPINESS BY CRUEL AND DANGEROUS CHARACTERS WHO INDUCE THEM TO FALL PREY TO DOPE... ALL YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD REPORT DOPE PEDDLERS TO THEIR PARENTS, THEIR CLERGYMEN, THEIR TEACHERS, THE POLICE, OR THE NEAREST SOCIAL SERVICE AGENCY... THE COMICS MAGAZINE INDUSTRY PLEDGES ITSELF TO AID YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH-- THE DOPE PEDDLERS...

PREPARED THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF NEW YORK CITY YOUTH BOARD AND THE ASSOCIATION OF COMICS MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS...



# BLACK DIAMOND

encounters the "SCOURGE OF THE STAGECOACHES"



THE KIOWA TRAIL, NEVER A PEACEFUL HIGHWAY, HAD BECOME A GRAVEYARD FOR STAGECOACHES! NO LONGER DID THE HOPEFUL PASSENGER ARRIVE AT THE TOWN STAMPED ON HIS TICKET! COMMUNICATIONS IN KIOWA TERRITORY THREATENED TO BECOME EXTINGUISHED WHEN BLACK DIAMOND APPEARED ON THE SCENE TO RISK HIS LIFE AGAINST THE "SCOURGE OF THE STAGECOACHES"!

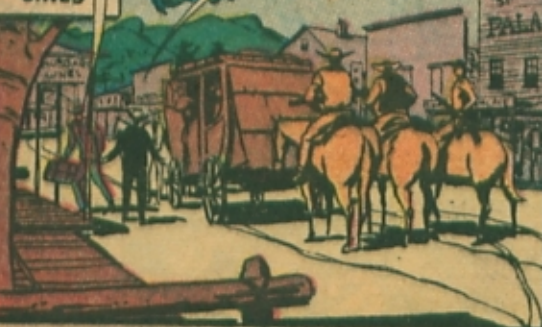
AL LUSTER

IN 1872, SHARPVILLE, OKLAHOMA, HAD GIVEN PROMISE OF BECOMING A FAST GROWING CITY! NOW IN THE FALL OF 1873, A CITY OF "GHOSTS" HAD BECOME A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY...

WE AIN'T TRAVELING ON THIS STAGE, MISTER! YOU PROMISED US AN ESCORT OF SIX RIFLE MEN, NOT THREE! GET OFF, MARIE!

BUT IT'S NOT MY FAULT, MISTER! I ORDERED US AN ESCORT OF SIX RIFLEMEN FOR THIS TRIP, BUT ONLY THREE SHOWED UP!

HUBBAR LINES



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE PORCH OF THE SHARPVILLE PALACE GAMBLING HALL...

WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT, GUS? THE STAGE AGAIN?

YEP, MISS RITA! IT'S GETTIN' WORSE ALL THE TIME! FOLKS WILL MAKE AN EXTRA 300 MILE DETOUR RATHER THAN TAKE THE KIOWA TRAIL! HALF THE PASSENGERS ARE PILIN' OUT 'CAUSE THE ESCORT ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

I DON'T BLAME THE POOR SOULS! WHY DOESN'T THE LINE CHANGE ITS SCHEDULES?

THEY TRIED IT, MISS RITA! BUT IT DIDN'T HELP! THE KIWAS OUTGUESS THE STAGE LINE AS THOUGH THEY WERE MIND READERS!

OUTGUESS, BUSHWA! THERE'S JUST ONE HOMBRE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE RAIDS—INJUN TOM RANSE, THE OUTLAW!

THERE GOES RANSE NOW! PROBL'Y LAUGHIN' UP HIS SLEEVE AT EVERYBODY! HE SHOULD BE 'TWINLIN' FROM THE END OF A GALLOWS ROPES!

MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT, ZEB! RANSE SURE HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST THE STAGE LINE! THE HUBBARDS CAUGHT HIM STEALIN' ONE OF THEIR SHIPMENTS AN' RANSE WENT TO JAIL FOR TWO YEARS!

ANOTHER THING—THEY DON'T CALL RANSE "INJUN TOM" FOR NO'THIN'! RANSE TRADED PLENTY AMONG THE REDSKINS... INCLUDIN' GUNS AN' LIKKER!

IT ADDS UP, ZEB! BUT WE CAN'T PROVE ANYTHIN' ON HIM!

SHERIFF HAYES IS NO FOOL! MAYBE IF WE RAISE A FUSS, HE'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

MEANWHILE, AT HUBBARD'S STAGECOACH OFFICE...

THIS CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER! OUR COACHES PULLING OUT AT HALF CAPACITY AND WITH EXTRA GALARIES FOR RIFLE ESCORTS! WE'LL GO BANKRUPT IN A MONTH!

IT'S BEEN LIKE THIS EVER SINCE YOUNG HUBBARD GOT KILLED! IT AIN'T BAD ENOUGH OLD MAN HUBBARD LOST HIS SON! NOW HE'LL LOSE HIS BUSINESS, TOO!

TWO HOURS LATER DOWN THE KIOWA TRAIL...

NOT A SIGN OF AN INJUN YET! MEbbe WE'LL BE LUCKY THIS TRIP! COKE VALLEY STATION AIN'T MORE'N TWO MILES AHEAD...

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED! THEM KIWAS ARE NATURAL BORN SNEAKS! THEY AIN'T ADVERTISIN' THEIR ATTACK, YA KNOW...

WHAT BEATS ME IS WHAT ARE THE KIWAS AFTER? THEY CAN DO THE SETTLERS MORE HARM PICKIN' ON RANCHES, SMALL TOWNS, WAGON TRAINS, AN' SUCH!

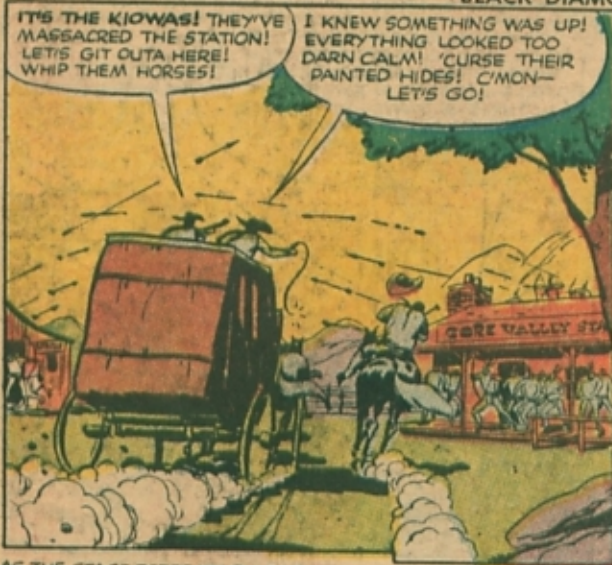
YEP! IT'S A MYSTERY! ONLY UNTIL IT GETS SOLVED, GUYS LIKE YOU AN' ME ARE STICKIN' OUR NECKS OUT! THERE'S COKE VALLEY STATION AHEAD!

HEY! THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THEY SHOULD BE OUT HERE TO MEET US!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



IT'S THE KIWAS! THEY'VE MASSACRED THE STATION! LET'S GIT OUTA HERE! WHIP THEM HORSES!

I KNEW SOMETHING WAS UP! EVERYTHING LOOKED TOO DARN CALM! 'CURSE THEIR PAINTED HIDES! C'MON—LET'S GO!

AS THE STAGE RETREATS BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER, ATTRACTED BY SHOOTING, APPROACH!



FASTER, DRIVER, FASTER! I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAY FROM YOUR TEAM!

YIII!

OH!!



DIAMOND—LOOK! THATS WHERE THE SHOOTING WE HEARD CAME FROM!

IT'S A PACK OF KIWAS YIPPING AT THE HEELS OF A STAGECOACH! LET'S GO GET 'EM, BUMPER! C'MON, RELIAPON!

BANG! BANG!

BANG!



STAY WITH THE WAGON, BUMPER! I'LL TRY MOPPING 'EM UP FROM BEHIND!

BANG! BANG!

EAAA!

YIII!



WITH BUMPER'S HELP, DIAMOND PICKS OFF THE INDIANS WITH EASE UNTIL THE REMAINING ONES RETREAT!

YEE!!

TURN BACK! WE CANNOT FIGHT THESE DEMONS! OH!!

EAAA!



NO WONDER THEM CUT-THROATS DON'T STAND A CHANCE! IT'S BLACK DIAMOND! PARDNER, WE WERE IN REAL TROUBLE WHEN YOU SHOWED UP!

SO THIS IS WHAT PEOPLE MEAN WHEN THEY SAY THAT THE KIOWA TRAIL IS THE SHORTEST CUT TO THE CEMETARY!



THEY'RE A BAD LOT, THE KIWAS! THEY'RE NON-AGRICULTURAL, UNSETTLED, WAR-LIKE MURDERERS! THEY DON'T CARE WHOM THEY RAID—MEXICANS, AMERICANS, OR OTHER INDIANS...

BUT LATELY THEY'RE CONCENTRATIN' ON THE HUBBARD STAGE LINES! I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY!

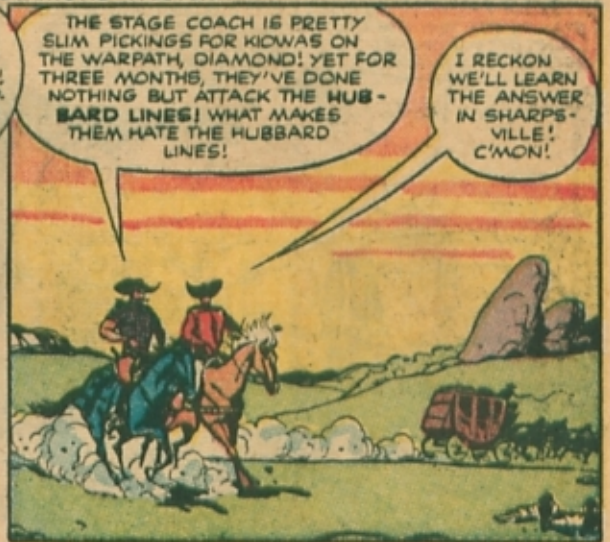


BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



IT'S CREEPY THE WAY THEY TIME THEIR ATTACKS! IT'S LIKE THEY WERE TIPPED OFF! BUT WHY ARE THEY GUNNIN' FOR US? WHO'S TIPPIN' 'EM OFF?

PERHAPS SOMEONE HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST THE LINE! SUPPOSE YOU GO ON BACK TO BRUCETON! WE'LL GO BACK TO SHARPSVILLE AND SEE IF WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!



THE STAGE COACH IS PRETTY SLIM PICKINGS FOR KIWAS ON THE WARPATH, DIAMOND! YET FOR THREE MONTHS, THEY'VE DONE NOTHING BUT ATTACK THE HUBBARD LINES! WHAT MAKES THEM HATE THE HUBBARD LINES!

I RECKON WE'LL LEARN THE ANSWER IN SHARPSVILLE! C'MON!

TWO HOURS LATER, IN SHARPSVILLE...



WE JUST HEARD THE TERRIBLE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH, BLACK DIAMOND! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, THE DEATH LIST WOULD BE EVEN GREATER!

MR. HUBBARD, THESE KILLINGS ARE BOUND TO GO ON UNLESS WE LEARN WHO'S TRYING TO REVENGE THEMSELVES ON YOU BY THESE KIWAS RAIDS!



JEST A MINUTE, MR. HUBBARD! THE WHOLE TOWN'S BEEN BUZZIN' WITH THE STATION MASSACRE, BUT WE KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT ALL!

NAME HIM, BY HEAVEN, AND WE'LL HANG HIM!

IT'S INJUN TOM RANSE!



WASN'T RANSE THE OUTLAW MY SON ELLIOT CAUGHT THIEVING ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO?

YEP, RANSE DID FIVE YEARS FOR THAT ROBBERY! HE DID ANOTHER SIX YEARS BEFORE THAT FOR TRAFFICKING WITH THE KID-WAS AND COWANCHES!

WHERE'S YOUR EVIDENCE THAT RANSE IS GUILTY NOW!



BLACK DIAMOND'S HERE, EH? WELL, MARSHAL, IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT RANSE, YOU KNOW HE'S UP TO NO GOOD! WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE CRYSTAL BAR NOW TO BRING HIM IN!

THERE MUST BE A SPECIFIC CHARGE, SHERIFF! OLD CRIMES FOR WHICH HE HAS PAID WON'T DO!



LOOK HERE, MARSHAL! I'M THE PEACE OFFICER IN SHARPSVILLE AN' I SAY WE AIN'T WAITIN' WITH FOLDED HANDS TILL THE VARMINT STABS MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE BACK! C'MON, MEN! LET'S GO GIT RANSE!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



BUT BEFORE THE SHERIFF COULD ACT...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, SHERIFF! I AIN'T GETTIN' LYNCHED JUST BECAUSE YOU BUZZARDS GOTTA HAVE A SCAPEGOAT!

RANSE! YOU'RE OBSTRUCTIN' JUSTICE! TRY TO STOP ME FROM ARRESTIN' YUH, AN' I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE LYIN' BELLY-UP BY SUNDOWN!



THAT FOOL SHERIFF DOESN'T KNOW HIS BUSINESS! LET'S BREAK THIS UP, BUMPER, BEFORE HE DRAW'S INNOCENT BLOOD!

RIGHT, DIAMOND! I LIKE TO SEE JUSTICE DONE, EVEN FOR AN EX-CONVICT!



LET'S TAKE THEM COYOTES BY STORM! WE'LL... YIIII!

MY HAND!

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, SHERIFF! RANSE IS INNOCENT UNTIL HE'S PROVEN GUILTY! CLEAR THESE STREETS AND SEND THE MOB OFF!



KINDA SWINGIN' YOUR WEIGHT AROUND, AIN'T YOU, BLACK DIAMOND-TAKIN' THE PART OF A CRIMINAL AGIN' THE LAWS OF SHARPSVILLE!

LOOK, SHERIFF! I KNOW YOU WANT ACTION! BUT YOU'LL GET NOWHERE HANGING THE WRONG PARTY! C'MON, BUMPER, LET'S TALK TO RANSE!



INSIDE THE "CRYSTAL BAR" SALOON A MOMENT LATER...

SO YOU WANT TO COME IN AN' TALK? NOthin' DOIN'! I CAN'T TRUST YOU! YOU MIGHT TRY TO GIT THE DROP ON ME, SAME AS THAT BONE-HEAD SHERIFF!

THEN, WE'LL COME IN WITHOUT GUNS! I'M DROPPING MY GUN BELT, RANSE! MY FRIEND'S DOING LIKEWISE!



HOW COME YOU AIN'T OF THE SAME MIND AS THE SHERIFF? HE THINKS WE BEEN GITTIN' THE KIWAS TO RAID THE HUBBARD LINES BECAUSE YOUNG HUBBARD SENT US TO PRISON!

IT'S AN IDEA! MAYBE A GOOD IDEA! WHAT'S YOUR VERSION OF THESE RAIDS, RANSE?

I GOT NO IDEA! I DONE MY TIME, AN' I DON'T HAVE TO ACCOUNT TO NOBODY FOR WHAT I DO NOW—YOU INCLUDED!



GETTIN' SURLY WON'T HELP YOU, RANSE! PEOPLE IN TOWN SUSPECT YOU ENOUGH TO STRING YOU UP! HELP ME GET AT THE TRUTH!

TRUTH? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! NONE OF YUH WOULD GIVE AN EX-CONVICT A FAIR DEAL! NOW VAMOOSE BEFORE I BLOW YOUR HEART OUT! I DON'T WANT YOUR BLASTED HELP—AN' NOBODY ELSE'S EITHER!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN  
 THEN WITH HIS UNCANNY SENSE OF DANGER, BLACK  
 DIAMOND STRIKES...



HIS EYEBALLS ARE YELLOW WITH BOOZE AND ANGER! HE'S LIABLE TO SHOOT AS SOON AS I TURN MY BACK!

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOU, RANSE!

BE SEATED, BOYS!

OHHH!

CRACK!



HMMM... THERE'S STILL A LITTLE FIGHT LEFT IN 'EM, DIAMOND!

THERE'S ONLY ONE LAW AN OUTLAW UNDERSTANDS... A FIST IN HIS MOUTH!

OOPKK!

OOOHGH!



START TALKING, RANSE! WHAT ABOUT THE HUBBARDS?

I HATE 'EM! BUT HATIN' AIN'T NO CRIME!

HOW ABOUT THE KIWAS? STILL TRADING WITH THEM?

NOT FOR FIVE YEARS! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU?



WE DIDN'T GET MUCH OUT OF THEM, BUMPER! BUT THE DEEPER WE GET INTO THIS CASE THE MORE I THINK THERE'S A PERSONAL ANGLE WE'VE BEEN OVERLOOKING!

BLACK DIAMOND, COULD I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE AT THE SHARPSVILLE PALACE? IT'S ABOUT THE KIWAS RAIDS... AND RANSE!

MOMENTS LATER, IN RITA GALE'S ROOM AT THE SHARPSVILLE PALACE...

I THINK I KNOW WHY RANSE IS WORKING WITH THE KIWAS! HE BLURTED HIS SECRET OUT ONE NIGHT WHILE HE WAS DRUNK! HE IS SECRETLY TRYING TO ESTABLISH A RIVAL STAGECOACH LINE! THAT MEANS HE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE HUBBARD LINE FIRST! IN FACT, THAT'S WHAT I TOLD THE SHERIFF BEFORE YOU STOPPED HIS ARREST! BUT NO HARM DONE! RANSE WILL GET HIS JUST DESERTS IN THE END!

ALL CRIMINALS DO, MISS GALE! I'M GOING TO CONFRONT RANSE WITH HIS INFORMATION TONIGHT!



IN THAT CASE LET ME BE PRESENT WHEN YOU ACCUSE HIM! HE WON'T DARE DENY IT IN FRONT OF ME! WHERE ARE YOU STAYING?

WE'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH! SUPPOSE YOU MEET US AT THE STAGE TERMINAL TONIGHT? MR HUBBARD WILL BE THERE!



THAT NIGHT AFTER SUPPER...

UHM... THAT VENISON STEAK WAS GOOD! TELL ME DIAMOND, DO YOU THINK THAT CABARET DANCER, RITA, HAS THE STRAIGHT GOODS ON RANSE?

SHE MADE SENSE! ANYWAY WE'LL KNOW IN A LITTLE WHILE! HMM... THE STAGE IS PULLING OUT TONIGHT! THAT TAKES COURAGE!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



IN THAT SPLIT SECOND OUT OF NOWHERE...

BUMPER: LOOK OUT! THAT SHADOW ON THE STREET! SOMEBODY'S ON THE ROOF WITH A GUN!

WHE... OWWW!

BANG!



THANK HEAVENS, IT'S ONLY A ARM WOUND, BUMPER! GO TO THE HUBBARD STAGE OFFICE AND GET IT BANDAGED! I'LL SEE YOU THERE LATER!

TEN TO ONE, IT'S RANSE! OWWW - THIS THING BURNS!

I'M GOING AFTER THAT COYOTE!



MOMENTS LATER, ON THE ROOFTOP...

RANSE'S GUN! IT'S GOT HIS INITIALS ON IT!... BUT WHY WOULD HE LEAVE SUCH INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE BEHIND? ALSO HIS KERCHIEF!

WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S PERFUME CLINGING TO IT... I KNOW THIS SMELL!

MINUTES LATER, ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF RITA GALE'S ROOMING HOUSE...



THAT GIRL IS AN UNFRIENDLY SORT! ALWAYS KEEPS THE DOOR LOCKED AND WON'T LET ANYBODY COME IN TO STRAIGHTEN UP!

NO WONDER, MA'AM! SHE DOESN'T WANT ANYBODY POKING AROUND HER BELONGINGS! LOOK AT THIS TELEGRAPH KEY - IT COULD BE ATTACHED TO THAT TELEGRAPH WIRE THAT RUNS FROM SHARPSVILLE, ALONG THE KIOWA TRAIL!



WHEN SHE COULD SEE THE HUBBARD STAGE WAS LEAVING AND THE STRENGTH OF ITS ESCORT, SHE'D TELEGRAPH THE INFORMATION TO SOMEONE ALONG THE KIOWA TRAIL WHO CLIMBED A POLE TO TAKE IT - SOMEONE WITH A PAINTED FACE AND HIGH CHEEK BONES! HMM! I THINK I'LL GO OVER TO RANSE'S HOTEL!

BUT THERE WAS SOMEBODY ALREADY THERE AT RANSE'S ROOM...



SOMEBODY GAVE IT TO RANSE AN' HIS PALS THROUGH THE WINDOW! I GUESS THIS ENDS THE KIOWA RAIDS!

THE FOOL! HE DOESN'T KNOW RITA GALE WAS STEADILY TRYING TO FIX THE SUSPICION ON RANSE!



LATER, IN THE HUBBARD STAGE OFFICE...

BUMPER, THE SHERIFF FOUND RANSE DEAD! BUT HE WASN'T GUILTY! I HAVE PROOF THAT RITA GALE IS THE ONE WHO TIPPED OFF THE KIOWAS! IT WAS SHE WHO SHOT AT US! SHE LEFT RANSE'S RIFLE AND KERCHIEF BEHIND TO THROW US OFF THE TRAIL!

SHE JUST LEFT ON THE STAGE, AND MR. HUBBARD WENT ALONG TO BOLSTER THE ESCORT!

WAIT A MINUTE! IT JUST HIT ME! YOUNG HUBBARD USED TO TAKE RITA AROUND A LOT! THEY WERE PLANNING TO GET MARRIED, BUT ELLIOT GOT KILLED TWO DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING!

THAT'S RIGHT! ELLIOT WAS SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE! THERE WERE POWDER BURNS ALL OVER HIS VEST!

THE KILLER HASN'T BEEN FOUND!

THE PROPERTY OF ELLIOT HUBBARD



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THAT MEANS HE KNEW AND TRUSTED THE KILLER ENOUGH TO LET HIM GET CLOSE! RITA MIGHT HAVE MURDERED ELLIOT BECAUSE HE JILTED HER!

A LETTER FOR YOU, DIAMOND! THAT DANCER AT THE SHARPSVILLE PALACE LEFT IT BEFORE SHE PULLED OUT ON THE STAGE...

IT'S A CONFESSION! RITA GALE ISN'T HER RIGHT NAME! IT'S GREEN DOE! SHE'S A KIOWA PRINCESS! WHEN ELLIOT HUBBARD FOUND THAT OUT HE REJECTED HER AND SHE MURDERED HIM!

*Green Doe.*

DIAMOND, WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT STAGE!

BUT AN HOUR LATER, FAR OUT ON THE KIOWA TRAIL...

MR. HUBBARD! IT'S THE KIOWAS! THEY'RE ATTACKIN' US FROM BOTH SIDES!

YIPPPP!

Yuu!

Yuu!

NOT ONLY FROM BOTH SIDES, DOG OF A WHITE MAN! FROM INSIDE AS WELL! BLAME YOUR SON FOR THIS, MR. HUBBARD! HE SPURNED ME BECAUSE I HAD INDIAN BLOOD!

YOU MEAN YOU KILLED ELLIOT? I...

OH HAGHH!

YES, I KILLED HIM! AND NOW-YOU! AND MY KIOWA BROTHERS WILL KILL ALL WHO RIDE THE HUBBARD LINES! FAREWELL, PALEFACES! GO TO YOUR DOOM!



SUDDENLY, TWO RIDERS APPEAR IN THE NIGHT, DEATH IN THEIR HANDS, FLAMING TOWARD THE KIOWA MURDERERS!

POUR IT IN, BUMPER! THEY'LL RUN LIKE RABBITS! LIKE ALL MURDERERS THEY'RE COWARDS AT HEART!

IT IS BLACK DIAMOND! RUN! RUN! HIS GUNS SPEAK WITH THE VOICE OF DEATH!

AIIIEEE!

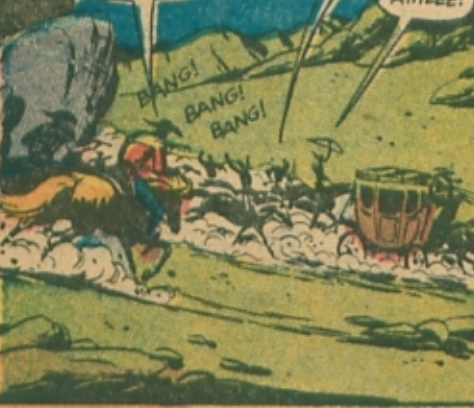
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THEY'RE FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES!

SPEAKING OF LIVES, DIAMOND, LOOK WHO'S LYING THERE- ON THE EDGE OF THE ROAD!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

SHE AIMED FOR MY HEART AND MISSED! POOR WRETCHED CREATURE! HOW SHE MUST'VE HATED US HUBBARDS!

THEN SHE GUESSED WRONG, MR. HUBBARD, FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME... UNHAPPY, TWISTED GIRL! SHE BROKE HER NECK LEAPING FROM THE STAGECOACH SHE TRIED TO DESTROY! LET'S HOPE SHE HAS FINALLY FOUND THE PEACE OF MIND SHE SOUGHT, SO FOOLISHLY, IN REVENGE!



THE END



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**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you're 14 or 40; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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SURE — THEY'RE HERE SOMEPLACE



WHY — THEY'RE ALL BENT!

GOSH, NOW I CAN'T FIND A MATCH!



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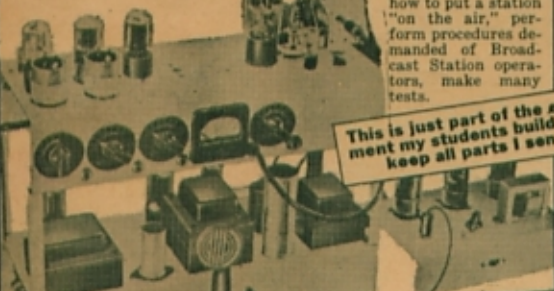
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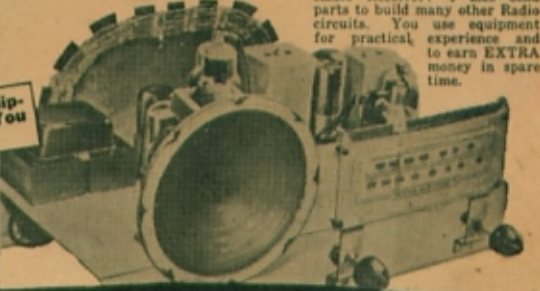
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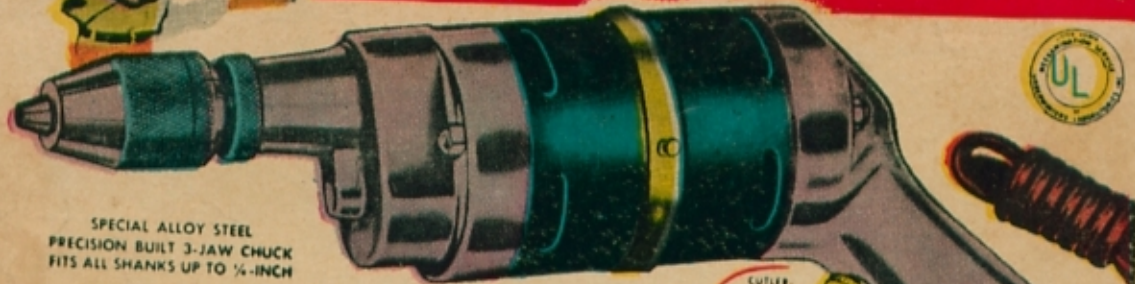
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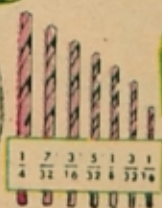
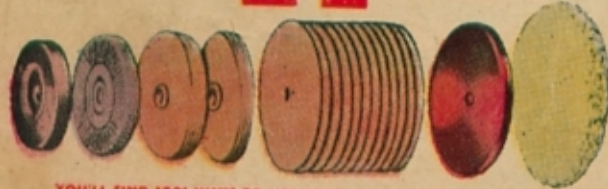
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